

Letters:
By Louis Althusser

Produce a sense of virtual in the mansion, curate it with sense by Sirohi, act him out, be creative, and he is that creative, not a normal person like us, in fact making normal arguments, being humanist, all too human. Sirohi is a monster who refuses to believe this humanist stuff, he is a scientific man, he has followed it as Lystra and Prophecy like a Parsi kind of rosary bead following Jewish possessed divine violent also finally, ethical man.

Plan For Mansion

Idealise, why not. When a crisis happens, I call it suffering, sadness, violence. In this phase, we go to a hospital. If possible, see this as a formal presentation, that it is only that. But if it is death, and worse, I fear. I say that is its argument – that it is a plan, that it is a functionalist unity, which is then in Sirohi, I might say, not followed, Dialectics then is enough. He is an idealist. My dialectic then is to go, visit perhaps to a house hospital then. My poor dialectic, with Milner and Lacan agreeing. We just argue that Sirohi is confident, that it is dialectics that will be scientific, and then formalization is ‘in it fully, like a fucking mayonnaise sandwich which is juicy, and fucking funny in a party with a woman, or many who are in a sense-logic.’ I mean why not sense-logic, the sense of a night with rain. Why not that sense he asks a woman. Now women are not used to sex, or such a sense-logic, which is so murderous. In a Soviet and perhaps Jewish language, he argues, ‘why not seduce’ and why not be a sense event of seduction, why not do that.

Helen intervenes – no man is murderous when he is a philosopher.

They charge with me murder, Althusser argues. Without you they see me that way. I am charged with murder.

Read this many times, read it as sex, only sex, and sex. Curate it.

Plan it with families, all the answers are with Sirohi. A woman is in his bedroom. He is talking about their appearance. A fashion photo uploaded is then his gaze.

A new argument on gaze – it is just a sex gaze, I want that everywhere. I am Freudian in that sense of Sirohi as well – formalized – fuck I am a Prophet.

Helen editing “rain, rain, rain, rain of sex.” Man is violent, murderous – Sirohi is sex, Messianic.